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THE CRAYON.

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"OUR COINAGE."

The readers of *THE CRAYON* will find on another page an article, by an eminent sculptor, on the appearance of our national coins. It is high time to commence a crusade against the unnecessarily rude faces they present. There is probably no civilized nation whose coins are so unartistic as ours. Nay, we are sure that even those of China are more appropriately ornamented, since they do not pretend to anything beyond a significance, and that is complete. We aim at something artistic, and produce something that we have never liked to show in other countries. We well remember one day showing one of our gold coins to some fellow students in the school at Paris. One of them took it, and looking at the head, remarked quietly, and as though he feared to mortify us, "it is not at all well modelled," and we were compelled to say, "it is execrable." The head is bad on all the coins, from the cent up, but it is better than the eagle, and that, still better than the full length of Liberty. The only tolerable device in use is that in which the denomination of the coin is enclosed in a wreath of laurel; though the significance of this we could never comprehend.

The imprint on a coin demands two things to make it complete—significance and accuracy of design. The coins of most European governments present on one side the coat of arms of the country, and on the other, the head of the reigning sovereign. The former is traditional, and prescribes the traditional forms of all things represented—they are given for their meaning, not as artistic representations of the objects—and given with the same form and quaintness which they have borne for centuries, and which have become reverend from age and association. They are memoranda of the youth of the nation, inscribed with barbaric graphically, and never to be modified or effaced. Heraldry is a system of hieroglyphic writing, and Art proper has nothing whatever to do with it. If we leave heraldry proper, and make an ornamental design for a coin, we work in subjection to the laws of taste, and that which we do is open to criticism as a work of Art.

Our country has no antiquity whose heroic achievements are commemorated by the hieroglyphic types of the college of heralds

—it cannot of course have a heraldry, and to attempt to get up a coat of arms for the United States of America is simply absurd. If we wish to adopt an emblem, it is very well, but let it be distinctly understood that heraldry has nothing to do with it, and that its representation must be in subjection to the laws of taste. We have chosen the Eagle. Good! He is a noble bird, and properly represented would make a beautiful medallion. The substitution of his head alone for that deformity labelled "Liberty," would be a good step, and in the hands of a good sculptor the bird would make a more beautiful coin face than any we know. But our eagle is an ornithological curiosity—a sprawling, straddling, ungainly, graceless thing, which any school-boy, who had ever seen a bird of any kind, should be ashamed to draw. It violates every law of anatomy and taste alike. There lies before us a half dollar of 1854, a late coinage. Will any man who is capable of seeing a difference between a golden pheasant and a Shanghai cock, look for one minute at the bird on that coin, and then say that it does not offend him!

Turn it over! You have what is supposed to represent Liberty—an effigy, but still not an heraldic one. We do not know where, or how, or by whom, it was designed—if, indeed, it was designed at all, and did not come by chance—but, we are sure that we could go into any French life-school, and find a boy of sixteen who would furnish, in half an hour, a better design than that in every respect. It is so badly drawn that it becomes perfectly ridiculous, and beneath criticism.

Why is this? It is not because there is not enough talent in the country to secure good designs. An expense of one thousand dollars would give us a complete set of designs which would make our coinage the most beautiful in the world—worthy of a poetic and picturesque country. The dies and coining would cost no more than at present, and, instead of the wretched things which greet us when we draw a coin from our pockets, we should see continually, works of Art—models which an aspiring young sculptor might emulate. It is an excellent point from which to begin a reform of national taste.

But, what to do! Who governs these

things? In England, and, we believe, through Europe, a practical artist directs them, and the models for the coins are made by some of the first artists in the country; but here, we cannot even determine upon whom to charge these atrocities.

Can we not have a National Fine Art Commission, who shall superintend not only this matter, but the Art interests at Washington—the ornamentation of our public buildings—the selection of pictures and statuary. It would cost nothing; for there are competent persons enough in the country who would willingly serve unpaid, and, even if they were well paid, the country would save by it, in not being obliged to pay the ridiculous prices they have paid for some of the national acquisitions in the Fine Arts line. It is just as easy to have these things well done as badly done, and infinitely more profitable in the long run.

PENNSYLVANIA FOREST SCENERY.

"He who attempts to subject the magic of nature to a dissection of all its component parts, enters upon a task of no small magnitude."—HUMBOLDT.

To those who are in search of the picturesque, either as an intellectual study, or for artistic purposes, we could recommend no more fertile ground than those extensive wilds, known by the name of the Beech Woods of Northeastern Pennsylvania. Entering that romantic gorge in the Blue Ridge, the Water Gap, through which the waters of the Delaware are seen flowing, the student of nature is at liberty to pass westward into the region we have selected for our subject, or, following the course of the river in among the fastnesses of the mountains until it reaches the mouths of smaller tributary streams, he will be enabled to follow them to their sources, and, by this devious route, reach the depths of the primeval forest.

Much of this scenery, though on a reduced scale, may be termed Swiss-like; yet, as a whole, its American character is such as makes it peculiar to this country. In nature, as well as in the noted productions of Art, we find that the objects which have excited the observation and drawn down the worship of mankind, have a much more powerful influence over the judgment, and make much larger demands upon critical analysis, than scenes of primitive grandeur, or works of obscure merit. On this principle the gospel of Art seems to be founded, and it is a principle of faith not only incidental to the works of nature and studies of pictorial and musical Art,

but extends to all the prerogatives of literature.

It is a remarkable truth, flowing from the same source, that in our communings with the choicest localities of nature, every spot becomes a teeming record of past recollections, which serves to magnify the objects of wonder and swell up the attractions of the place.

A portion of the individual is thus infused into Nature, while, at the same time, she herself becomes absorbed by him, and this mutual interchange constitutes what Humboldt terms the *magic* of her operations.

The scenery of the region we have named presents every variety of the picturesque, and would afford to the artist a fruitful theme in creek and waterfall subjects, as well as in the numerous small lakes that lie embosomed in the dark hemlock forests. The lakes that lie scattered throughout this wide domain of wilderness, have their outlets in some small streams of rapid descent in their circuitous and protracted progress to the bottom of the valleys. These, rushing in among the fine grey sandstone strata, and tearing their passage through precipitous ledges, fringed with lichens and emerald mosses, and topped with huge and sombre hemlocks or pines, become seats of the most fascinating study.

In this combination of vegetable formations, with huge masses of disrupted rock, the transition from the un-beautiful to the beautiful presents itself most sensibly; and by the groupings of the discordant with the harmonious in form and color, a fusion of general harmony and beauty ensues.

When Goethe, in earlier life, visited Switzerland, he fell into the company of a young man, who observed to him that the scenery did not make the same impression upon him, it had the first time he beheld it, and ascribed the change of effect to the want of novelty. "To myself," he writes, "it appears that, when we behold such phenomena for the first time, the soul expands, and gives rise to an overflow of delight, to a tearful sensation. By this operation, the soul becomes unconsciously enlarged, and is afterwards incapable of the first impressions.

"The individual thinks he has lost, whereas he has, in reality, gained. His sensual emotions assume a spiritual tone, and had Fate cast my destiny in one of those regions of natural wonder, every morning of my life would have furnished me sustenance out of it, in the same manner that some lovely valley imparts quiet and peace."

That the mind of the observer should gain in every successive interview with some locality of natural devotion, we think is the strongest feature of this species of study.

We paid our first visit to these forests in the summer months, when the woods are perfectly impenetrable to the eye, and when the sombre gloom of dusk reigns within them at mid-day.

We have seen them again and again in winter, when the green hemlock and spruce stand among their companions, the deciduous maple and beech, and when the whole scene still looks beautiful, although the performance of nature, on such occasions, is that of another key.

To the artist, the winter scene is a somewhat impracticable subject, unless he assumes a position where the evergreen is found in abundance, and thus enables him to bring to his aid color, sufficient to temper the barrenness of lifeless forms; but, to the student of nature, the snow-storm in the beech forest is a scene of peculiar zest. Not every one is found willing to sacrifice fireside comforts and battle with the storm, for the sake of æsthetic purposes; but, to such as are so disposed, we would recommend habiliments well lined with Russian lamb skin, so that while the imagination feasts within, the outer domicile may be joyous in its own revelry. The highway passing through narrow passages of dense forest amid which the snow-storm is raging; the bright living verdure of the spruce contrasting with the showers of falling snow which weigh down the boughs, until, shaken by some fitful gusts of wind, they bound upwards again, and scatter clouds around beneath them; the massive icicles that hang from the rocks and invest them with their wintry character; all are objects of marked beauty, and susceptible of being more highly relished at each repeated visit to those romantic haunts. But, amidst the attractions of dells and cliffs, of ravines and mountain tops, of waterfalls and rapids, and gurgling streams, that are intermingled with the forest landscape; a personage enters the picture who forms no small addition. The hunter is found everywhere. To him every wild recess and secret nook is familiar, and he wanders throughout the twilight shadows of the woods as if by instinct, and, unguided by compass, he rarely errs from his wonted places of egress. He studies all the habits of his game, and knows their inclinations so correctly, that his plans are built on animal laws. In the Pennsylvania beechen forests there are numerous relics of this rugged tribe, and, in some cases, we could find Leather Stockings, endowed with appreciative qualities of mind for the scenery around them. In some of the race, hunting may be regarded as a mere animal enjoyment, giving rise to the gratification of sense, through the excitements of the chase and the paramount desire of accomplishing that which lies uppermost among the human passions, a victory over the object of our pursuit. Yet we think there is a prevalence of the æsthetic feeling in the mind of the cultivated sportsman, which, on the principle advocated by Goethe, grows apace with the habitudes of a sylvan life.

His soul expands amid the scenes of his forest life—he feels and appreciates some inexpressible enjoyment—yet has not that gift of philosophy which renders him conscious of the true extent of his pleasure, or the practical faculty which clothes the objects of the outer world with all the hues of a creative fancy.

On the mind of the uncultivated Nimrod, the magic of forest life operates as does that of the ocean upon the mind of the mariner. His whole being becomes identified with its physical elements. Its booty, its climate, and its resinous aroma are his sustenance, and, since a scanty recompense is the crown of his labors, his pursuits must be deemed the mere fulfillment of an instinctive passion. We might point out one of the trappers of the Beech Woods

who has received the soubriquet of Leather Stocking—is a semi-educated personage, and whose chief delight is to regale the ears of his companions with the tales of his achievements among the foxes. He tells the story of his sports among the reynard race, and shows the trophies of his hard-earned success, from the ordinary red to the rarest specimen of cross-barred skin.

To all such as possess the Landseerian faculty, the forest life and introduction of a trapper of this cast, would afford many fine subjects and suggestive hints, not only in the portrayal of the wild game of the woods, but the sylvan picture which constitutes their resort.

In this country, it is one of the very few forms of natural life in which the ingredients of a healthy poesy may be recognized, a form in which all of the conventionalities of society are excluded; and thus is as well adapted to the purposes of Art, as the idyllic scenes of Europe, which have shown their fruitfulness in poetry and painting.

Of course, these subjects cannot, in all cases, be copied from the bare material itself, divested of all ideality; but this should rather form the ground-work of an artistic performance, either of pen or pencil; for, like all other scenes and subjects upon which poetry is founded, the grossness of earthly reality should be refined into the magic of Art, and only the pleasing traits of the picture loom up before the eye. This is in fact the great utility of poesy, and under that term we include both writing and painting, to select some subject within the domain of pure and unsophisticated nature, rich with the charms that spring from the genuine heart, free of the polish and glitter of life, in which the flow of feeling is like that of the uncurbed mountain streamlet, and with this material in hand, subject it to that plastic process, from which result all the attractive works of Art. The Paupack, Wallenpaupack, and Lackawaxen, are some of the chief streams that flow through this region; and further west we meet Roaring Brook, Bear Creek, and the Lehigh, in its incipient stage of a mountain stream, with its waters completely darkened by the sombre shadows of the hemlock and pine forest. These two last streams take their course through the Pine Swamp, or the vast table-land of the Broad Mountain, where Art has frequently sought many a favorite study in the vast desolation of fine scenes, night imagery, and pine barrens; elements in which the un-beautiful is largely incorporated with the grandeur and real beauty of forest life and scenery. Where the bare and leafless pines stand the victims of destructive conflagration, with no living green tenants of the forest to greet the eye, the subject becomes one in which no æsthetic purpose can be fulfilled, and the un-beautiful becomes a too predominant feature to attract the artist; but when the scene of desolation stands like an oasis amid the evergreen forest, the contrasting elements harmonize into an engaging picture. Conflagration scenes are, however, adapted to peculiar fancies, and we prefer the deep shades of the hemlocks, the silent lake or the descending stream, where occasionally a saw-mill is perched in among the rocks, or a rude cabin with its accompaniments of living figures and

wreathed smoke, to give relish to these scenes of perfect solitude. The Paupack itself flows through a beautiful region of dense forest, although the clearings are beginning to follow fast in the track of immigration to the valley through which it runs. We might point out one lake that empties its waters here by another tributary stream, whither numerous pilgrimages have been made by the lovers of the picturesque, under the guidance of Leather Stocking. The lake, though but three miles distant from the valley of the Paupack, requires a day's journey, the route being circuitous and arduous, and passing over mountain, flood and dell, and through devious paths, known only to the woodman himself. The pilgrimage to this secluded lake forms one of the most interesting recollections of our forest associations, and we can recall no pictures of those sylvan scenes more fraught with woodland beauty, than the passage along the stream that furnishes the outlet to the lake. The task is one involved in much adventure, since the tourist is constantly encountered by dense laurel thickets, underwood, and large prostrate trees of massive size that cross his path, and is necessitated to wade the stream to shorten his route. Overhead he finds a dense canopy of evergreen boughs, that exclude the mid-day glare and softens the light beneath. The adventurer finds repose a necessary resource from time to time, to enable him to overcome the rugged precipice, and scale the jutting rocks. If he goes in quest of the beautiful, his marches should be few and far between, and he should indulge frequently in halts, where some particular passage in the book of Nature solicits peculiar attention, and fix his gaze on some stately tree, some mossy carpetings illuminated through the interstices of the foliage, or listen to the passage of the waters over the rocks.

In such adventures, the full beauty of forest scenes is most appreciable, and all the various stages of sunlight can be sought for, to study the aspects of the moss covered rocks, and the masses of evergreen foliage. When enveloped in these primeval groves, the magic of nature is triumphant, and the soul expands far beyond its own comprehension.

It is the fulfillment of a law which has always been a mystery, when the imagination dwells among trees of a venerable growth and cypress gloom.

A single evergreen tree, whose majestic size makes it a record of more than three centuries, casts around it an air of solemnity and grandeur, and is sufficient in itself to entice the student of nature to give it his fixed regards. But where a vast region teems with this huge species of vegetation, we are inspired with the same spirit of adoration that influenced Humboldt, amid the sylvan glories of a South American forest, where the earth's exuberance knows no bounds.

The rhododendron, a product of the soil on which the hemlocks flourish, is seen in abundance along the stream, and at the foot of rocky ledges. Its oblong evergreen leaf hangs over the streams, and where it forms dense thickets in marshy ground, the panther and wolf are wont to seek a lair or refuge from the hunter. On the occasion of our last visit to the lake, we found the carcass of a huge wolf at the water's edge,

who had fallen in the trapper's snare; and some preceding tourists to the same waters discovered, on their approach, a party of deer on the opposite shore, sporting knee-deep in the shallow waters. By the botanist it might be resorted to, as being of the localities of the *Sarracenia Purpurea*, a plant that seeks such mountain abodes, and belongs to the phenomena of the American Flora.

At no great distance from the lake, the waters forming its outlet pour themselves over a precipice, and, forming a cascade of some ninety feet, constitute one of the most attractive scenes of the region. The rocks here are the grey sand-stone, and are found in laminated strata, where the stream divides their shelving masses. This basin or receptacle of the cascade, lying in a *twi-lit* position, and only lighted up by an afternoon or setting sun, might well be courted by the Art-student as a locality of peculiar interest. The banks are covered with trees of gigantic size, some of them being the most venerable forms that grace these forests. They cluster here so thickly together that the light beneath them becomes dim, and the solitude, inviting and seductive to the wood-roving spirit. We have already suggested that this seductive influence exercised its sway over the mind of the uneducated hunter, the same indefinable impressions being awakened within him that spring up on our entrance to some vast Gothic cathedral. In reclining beneath these vast forest domes, and gazing upwards and around, the least cultivated mind cannot escape some vague emotion, although he may differ from the refined mind in being unable to define these emotions, and is thus debarred from enlarging the sphere of thought beyond the limits of sense. Huge maple trees cluster together in groves, and are the resort of parties in the spring months, for the purpose of extracting maple sugar. These scenes are interesting to the eye and imagination at night, which the sugar makers spend in conviviality, and the scene is lighted up by torches and fires of faggots beneath the boiling kettles. These maple groves form some of the most umbrageous portions of the forest; and the trees, though not of such venerable age as the hemlock, are massive products of the earth's fertility. For all minute outer description, detailing the features of wood and glen, with the purpose of offering an exterior picture of these remarkable scenes of a characteristic portion of our country, we must invite the word-painter to our aid. We have aimed, chiefly, at giving views, derived from the stand-point of philosophy, and feel the inadequacy of the little word painting—we have applied to the subject.

In this branch of literary art, the whole vestiture of Nature forms the paramount object of study, and all the forms and colors by which she addresses the mind, are accurately and delicately delineated. But to the student of Nature's interior, her outward forms do not appeal merely to the senses, but solicit the utmost refinement of thought built upon thought, giving an expansion to the human mind, which lends new interest to all its observations, and increased force to its conclusions. The whole study becomes subjective, and all outward delineations are used but to subserve the purposes of a psychical development.

The study of forest life scenery is thus

applied to the examination of man educated amid the refinements of life, and man trained amid the rugged necessities and sterility of a woodman's avocations, and we can judge, by the comparison, how primitive nature acts upon the human mind.

The beauty of vegetable forms and variety of color, in all arborescent phenomena, are viewed not merely as such for the gratification of the eye, as a simple word-painting would design them; but they are taken in the grand connection in which they stand to the cosmic arrangement of all created matter, and as forming but minute links in the chain of organized creation, from the obscure lycopodia up to the towering oak.

We learn, further, by this analysis of thought, that nature becomes the possessor of a power, which man himself has bestowed upon her, that under the veil of all her sensuous show and beauty, she reserves a hidden meaning, passing from human thought into inanimate matter.

Thus the sombre woodland receives an impress from the mind, which recalls, whenever addressed by it, a thousand associations of feeling and intellect. The silent group of trees addresses the well known visitor by the force of those accumulations of past thought recorded among them. They exist no longer, the sensuous objects of symmetry and color, but speak by an intelligence which man himself has given them. By this process, too, we are enabled to trace the origin of that power, lying in scenes of noted wonder, or in passages of historical nature, where the world has gone to study, admire, philosophize and imitate, by the aid of pencil and coloring. It, at the same time, corroborates the truth, that Nature's landscape, as well as works of pictorial Art, possesses the inherent property of unfolding its beauties to the soul of the observer, by the repeated bestowal of mental attention and enthusiastic admiration.

To show the course of this development of successive beauties in the natural world, and of a constant succession of new-born merits in the Art performance, where any distinct scene or subject becomes the point of study, we must investigate the interior workings of thought and the rapid growth of all inner emotions, founded upon the sensuous awakenings of nature, and the works of human genius.

Passing from the superficial gaze at color, and the wonders of light and shade, as viewed by the mere observer of outward nature, into the profundity of those teachings that trace their ulterior causes and the processes of their creation, the student of nature's philosophy leaves the sphere of telluric design and enters the boundless realms of the universe. To be able to enjoy the beauty of the natural world, by a constant communing with all its sensuous fascinations, and to comprehend, at the same time, the whole rationale of her operations, is the highest species of æsthetic cultivation we can attain. In that direction we find the writings of Humboldt most strikingly to tend—a mind, like that of Oersbed, the distinguished Dane, that aims at unfolding and classifying the laws on which the mystery of the beautiful and the un-beautiful is founded.

To arrive at this stage of æsthetic perception, our own literature has to strive after a more scientific scope and tone; and

an infusion of learning into word-painting, although an object of the rarest attainment, will alone raise our authors to a level with those of European fame.

The bare details of external nature, and a presentation of the thousand forms and imagery that offer themselves to the comprehension of the senses, where the deeper awakenings of thought have never been called into play, constitutes the rudimental portion of literature. Word-painting alone will not lead us into the arcana of our cosmic system, where the highest conceptions of beauty lie—only to be laid open to the understanding, and thence to light up the imagination, by the powerful wand of science.

JAMES HENRY.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

NO. II.—THE COTTAGE—CONTINUED.

2. THE LOWLAND COTTAGE. — ITALY.

"Most musical, most melancholy."

LET it not be thought that we are unnecessarily detaining our readers from the proposed subject, if we premise a few remarks on the character of the landscape of the country we have now entered. It will always be necessary to obtain some definite knowledge of the distinctive features of a country, before we can form a just estimate of the beauties or the errors of its architecture. We wish our readers to imbue themselves, as far as may be, with the spirit of the clime which we are now entering; to cast away all general ideas; to look only for unison of feeling, and to pronounce everything wrong which is contrary to the *humors* of nature. We must make them feel where they are; we must throw a peculiar light and color over their imaginations; then we will bring their judgment into play, for then it will be capable of just operation. We have passed, it must be observed (in leaving England and France for Italy), from comfort to desolation; from excitement to sadness; we have left one country prosperous in its prime, and another frivolous in its age, for one glorious in its death. Now, we have prefixed the hackneyed line of *Il Penseroso* to our paper, because it is a definition of the essence of the beautiful. What is most musical, will always be found most melancholy; and no real beauty can be obtained without a touch of sadness. Whenever the beautiful loses its melancholy, it degenerates into prettiness. We appeal to the memories of all our observing readers, whether they have treasured up any scene, pretending to be more than pretty, which has not about it either a tinge of melancholy, or a sense of danger: the one constitutes the beautiful, the other the sublime. This postulate being granted, as we are sure it will be by most (and we beg to assure those who are refractory or argumentative, that, were this a treatise on the sublime and beautiful, we could convince and quell their incredulity, to their entire satisfaction, by innumerable instances), we proceed to remark here, once for all, that the principal glory of the Italian landscape is its extreme melancholy. It is fitting that it should be so: the dead are the nations

of Italy; her name and her strength are dwelling with the pale nations underneath the earth; the chief and chosen boast of her utmost pride is the *hæc jacet*; she is but one wide sepulchre, and all her present life is like a shadow or a memory. And, therefore, or rather, by a most beautiful coincidence, her national tree is the cypress; and whoever has marked the peculiar character which these noble shadowy spires can give to her landscape, lifting their majestic troops of waving darkness from beside the fallen column, or out of the midst of the silence of the shadowed temple and worshipless shrine, seen far and wide over the blue of the faint plain, without loving the dark trees for their sympathy with the sadness of Italy's sweet cemetery shore, is one who profanes her soil with his footsteps.

Every part of the landscape is in unison; the same glory of mourning is thrown over the whole; the deep blue of the heavens is mingled with that of the everlasting hills, or melted away into the silence of the sapphire sea; the pale cities, temple and tower, lie gleaming along the champaign; but how calmly! no hum of men; no motion of multitude in the midst of them; they are voiceless as the city of ashes. The transparent air is gentle among the blossoms of the orange, and the dim leaves of the olive; and the small fountains, which, in any other land, would spring merrily along, sparkling and singing among tinkling pebbles, here flow calmly and silently into some pale font of marble, all beautiful with life, worked by some unknown hand, long ago nerveless, and fall and pass on among wan flowers, and scented copse, through cool leaf-lighted canes or grey Egerian grottos, to join the Tiber or Eridanus, to swell the waves of Nemi, or the Sarian Lake. The most minute objects (leaf, flower, and stone), while they add to the beauty, seem to share in the sadness, of the whole. But, if one principal character of Italian landscape is melancholy, another is elevation. We have no simple rusticity of scene, no cowslip and buttercup humility of seclusion. Tall mulberry trees, with festoons of the luxuriant vine, purple with ponderous clusters, trailed and trellised between and over them, shade the wide fields of stately Indian corn; luxuriance of lofty vegetation (catalpa, and aloe, and olive), ranging itself in lines of massy light along the wan champaign, guides the eye away to the unfailing wall of mountain, Alp or Apennine; no cold; long range of shivering grey, but dazzling light of snow, or undulating breadth of blue, fainter and darker in infinite variety; peak, precipice, and promontory, passing away into the wooded hills, each with its tower or white village sloping into the plain; castellated battlements cresting their undulations; some wide majestic river gliding along the champaign, the bridge on its breast and the city on its shores; the whole canopied with clouded azure, basking in mistless sunshine, breathing the silence of odoriferous air. Now comes the question. In a country of this pomp of natural glory, tempered with melancholy memory of departed pride, what are we to wish for, what are we naturally to expect, in the character of her most humble edifices; those which are most connected with present life, least with the past? What are we to consider fitting or beautiful in her cottage? We do not ex-

pect it to be comfortable, when everything around it betokens decay and desolation in the works of man. We do not wish it to be neat, where nature is most beautiful, because neglected. But we naturally look for an elevation of character, a richness of design or form, which, while the building is kept a cottage, may yet give it a peculiar air of cottage aristocracy; a beauty (no matter how dilapidated) a beauty which may appear to have been once fitted for the surrounding splendor of scene and climate. Now, let us fancy an Italian cottage before us. The reader who has travelled in Italy will find little difficulty in recalling one to his memory, with its broad lines of light and shadow, and its strange, but not unpleasant mixture of grandeur and desolation.

Let us examine its details, enumerate its architectural peculiarities, and see how far it agrees with our preconceived idea of what the cottage ought to be? The first remarkable point of the building is the roof. It generally consists of tiles of very deep curvature, which rib it into distinct vertical lines, giving it a far more agreeable surface than that of our flatter tiling. The *form* of the roof, however, is always excessively flat, so as never to let it intrude upon the eye; and the consequence is, that, while an English village, seen at a distance, appears all red roof, the Italian is all white wall; and, therefore, though always bright, is never gaudy. We have in these roofs an excellent example of what should always be kept in mind—that everything will be found beautiful, which climate or situation render useful. The strong and constant heat of the Italian sun would be intolerable if admitted at the window; and, therefore, the edges of the roof project far over the walls, and throw long shadows downwards, so as to keep the upper windows constantly cool. These long oblique shadows on the white surface are always delightful, and are alone sufficient to give the building character. They are peculiar to the buildings of Spain and Italy; for, owing to the general darker color of those of more northerly climates, the shadows of their roofs, however far thrown, do not tell distinctly, and render them not varied but gloomy. Another ornamental use of these shadows is, that they break the line of junction of the wall with the roof: a point always desirable, and in every kind of building, whether we have to do with lead, slate, tile, or thatch, one of extreme difficulty. This object is further forwarded in the Italian cottage, by putting two or three windows up under the very eaves themselves, which is also done for coolness, so that their tops are formed by the roof; and the wall has the appearance of having been terminated by large battlements, and roofed over. And, finally, the eaves are seldom kept long on the same level: double or treble rows of tiling are introduced; long sticks and irregular woodwork are occasionally attached to them, to assist the festoons of the vine; and the graceful irregularity and marked character of the whole, must be dwelt on with equal delight by the eye of the poet, the artist, or the unprejudiced architect. All, however, is exceedingly humble; we have not yet met with the elevation of character we expected. We shall find it, however, as we proceed. The next point of interest is